

RURAL REPOSITORY.

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ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

W. B. STODDARD, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

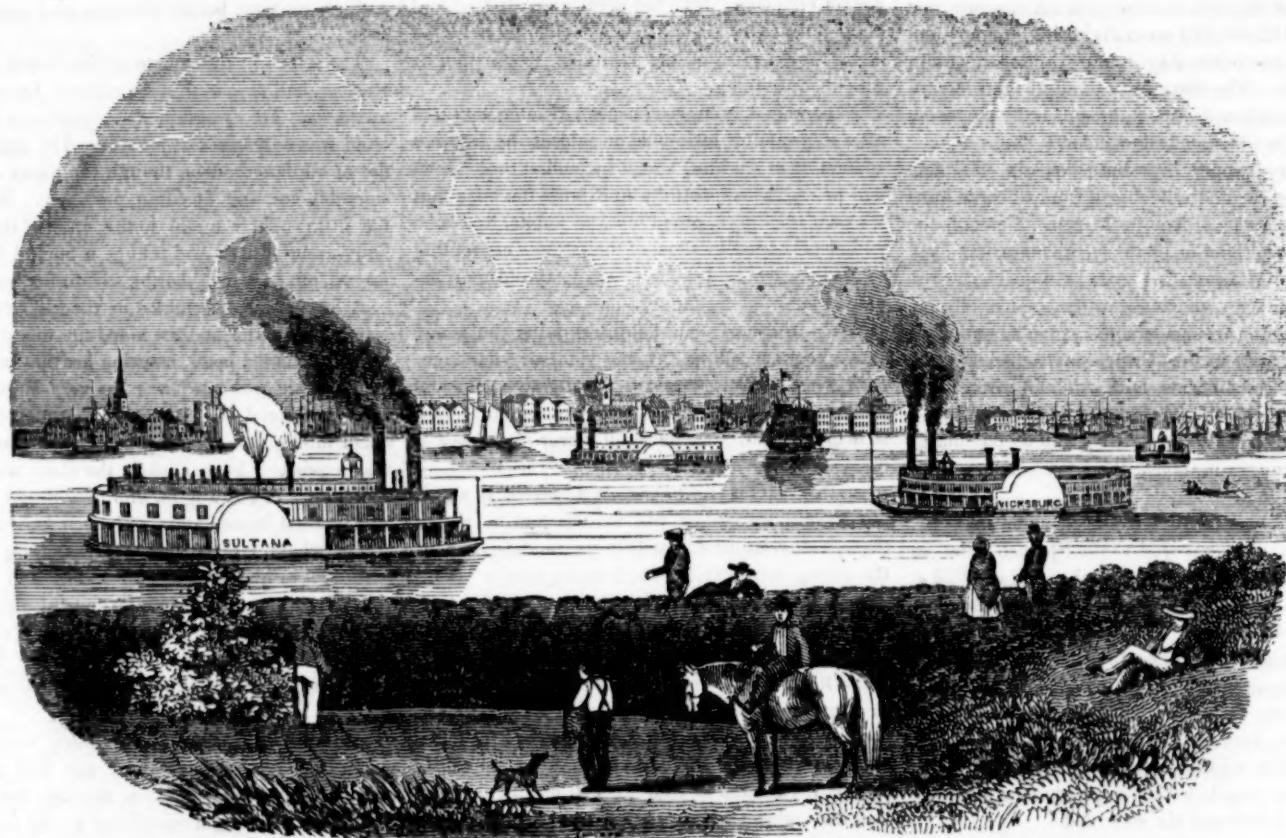
VOLUME XXV.

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NUMBER 2.

VIEW OF NEW ORLEANS.

From Sears' Pictorial Description of the United States.



This city is situated on the left bank of Mississippi river, which has here a singular curve, that places the city on its northwest side, and facing to the southeast. It is one hundred and five miles from its mouth, by the course of the river, but only ninety in a direct line. It is about eleven hundred miles from St. Louis, fourteen hundred from New-York, and twelve hundred from Washington. New Orleans is the fourth city, in point of population, and the third in commerce, in the United States. Its rapid increase in population has not been equalled, probably, by that of any other city in the Union. In 1810, it was 17,242; in 1820, 27,176; in 1830, 46,310; in 1840, 102,193.

The old city proper is in form a parallelogram. Above the city are the suburbs of St. Mary and Annunciation, and below are the suburbs of Marigny, Franklin, and Washington. These are called

faubourgs. Between the city and the bayou St. John's are the villages of St. Claude and St. Johnsbury. The old city proper was laid out by the French, and now forms not more than one eighth of the city limits, and not more than one fourth of its thickly-settled parts. The coup d'œil of the city, when seen from the river is extremely beautiful. Many of the principal streets making a curve, from the shape of the city, New Orleans has been called the "Crescent city."

The public buildings are the United States branch mint, which is an edifice of the Ionic order of architecture, merchants' exchange, commercial exchange, city exchange, city-hall, courthouse, the statehouse, formerly the charity hospital, sixteen churches, some of them elegant buildings, four orphan asylums, three theatres, and several large and splendid hotels.

The situation of New Orleans for commerce is very commanding. The length of the Mississippi river, and its connected waters, which are navigated by steam, is not less than 20,000 miles, and the country which they drain is not surpassed in fertility by any on the globe. Its advantages for communication with the country in its immediate vicinity are also great. By a canal four and a half miles long, it communicates with Lake Pontchartrain, and its connected ports. This canal cost \$1,000,000. There is also a canal, one and one fourth miles long, which communicates with Lake Pontchartrain through bayou St. John. A railroad, four and a half miles long, connects it with Carrollton. A railroad, four and one fourth miles long, connects the city with Lake Pontchartrain, one mile east of bayou St. John. The Mexican gulf railroad extends twenty-four miles, to



From the Model American Courier.

CIRCUMSTANCIAL EVIDENCE.

BY PROFESSOR P. S. RUTER.

[Continued.]

SCENE VI.

That Evening Ride.

As the young lawyer passed up the west end of town he overtook Mr. Easton. The latter gentleman was always very friendly with his aspirant son-in-law, besides that Maxwell and Manton were his attorneys, and of course more or less acquainted with his chief business transactions.

Easton said he had just received a very handsome offer for part of a tract of land belonging to him and lying on the road, and that he was riding out to look at it, in order to determine if it could be advantageously divided, and how. He expected it would take about an hour to run over it with a pocket compass. The old gentleman chatted and laughed in unusual good humor, evidently rendered so by the prospect of the profitable speculation he was about making.

Encouraged by his good nature, Manton ventured after a while to introduce a subject he had not spoken upon (to him) since it was first prohibited; and proceeded respectfully to express the hope that his own principles, prospects and habits, had been sufficiently tried to allow of the father's consenting to his long deferred suit. The testy old man became instantly very angry.

"Mr. Manton," said he, interrupting the young man's eager pleading, "I told you two years ago, that when you were worth twenty-five thousand dollars, you might ask me for my daughter, and so help me God, sir, you shall never marry her a moment sooner."

At this instant two horsemen appeared in sight, but Easton seemed in his passion not to notice them, and continued, much to the mortification of the young man, in a loud and angry tone—

"And sir, Fanny has given me her promise that she will never marry you till you are worth that sum. If I were to die to-morrow, she would never listen to you a moment the sooner. Look you, sir," continued the old man taking out his pocket book, "here are twenty-five thousand dollars; now sir, whenever you can say that you are worth so much, I'll listen to your request, but if you mention this subject again till that time, by heavens, you shall never marry her at all."

By this time the two horsemen had met and passed them, though they stared wonderingly at the others as they rode by. Manton's face was crimson with mortification at the old gentleman's angry indelicacy; still he noticed that one of the two was a person well known to him, while the other was a stranger, poorly dressed, riding with a blind bridle and without a saddle, upon what seemed a wagon horse.

Just then Easton turned aside into the woods, having arrived at the corner of his land. His companion drew his rein a moment, as though uncertain whether to follow. Chancing to turn in the saddle, he observed that the two horsemen who had passed them were looking back, as though to see the result of a quarrel. So he turned again to the road and proceeded slowly onward, in, it must be confessed no very agreeable state of mind.

Riding perhaps three miles farther, he came up with an emigrant's wagon, stopped in the middle of the road, by the side of which sat an elderly female, evidently an Irish woman, weeping bitterly and holding in her arms the apparently lifeless form of a little girl of ten or twelve years. Another girl, some two or three years older, was standing by the mother's side, wringing her hands in the utmost distress; while a lad of about sixteen was hastily unharnessing one of the wagon horses, as if to ride for medical help.

"Are ye a docther—are ye a docther?" exclaimed the distressed old lady eagerly, as Manton rode up—"O for the love of Christ, stop and help us,—sure my darlin' little Lucy is kilt intirely!"

Manton dismounted instantly and took the still senseless child in his arms to examine it, while the weeping mother told him how the accident occurred: that the little girl was leaning from the side of the wagon to look back, and fell out, striking her head violently against a rock in the road. It was but a single moment before Manton had appeared in sight.

The latter, in the course of his almost universal reading, had acquired some general knowledge of medicine. He ascertained immediately that the child was only bruised and stunned by the fall, and not at all dangerously, though the head was considerably cut and bleeding profusely. Returning the little sufferer again to the arms of the mother he re-assured her, and taking a bucket from the wagon, ran to a neighboring stream for water.

A little of this sprinkled in the girl's face, soon restored her; and he then aided the mother to bind up the wounded head, assuring her that immediate medical aid was needless; the very bleeding was itself beneficial, as tending to prevent subsequent inflammation; an easy position was all that was requisite; let her place the child among the bed-clothes in the wagon, and they might just as well proceed immediately with their journey.

The whole family were overwhelming in their gratitude to him who had so kindly and usefully aided them; and more to interrupt the outpourings of the mother's grateful heart than from curiosity, Manton made some enquiries, while the boy was re-harnessing the horse, about their destination, &c.

The woman said she was a widow, was moving westward,—somewhere,—that she had a young man hired to drive for them, manage the horses, &c. but he had forgot something in the town they had passed through a while ago, and had taken the lead-horse (it was a three-horse wagon,) and gone back for it. The rest there were her own children. They usually camped by the road-side for the night, but should now push on to the next town, some twelve or thirteen miles ahead, so that if her child needed it, they might get a "docther."

Manton knew that her hired man must be the stranger he had met, with Mr. Dennison, when so mortified by Easton's irritability.

It was not till after a warm maternal embrace, with prayers for ten thousand blessings on his head, that the truly Irish-hearted widow would part from her new friend and suffer the wagon to proceed.

The sun had set some minutes since and the nearly full moon was up. Returning immediately to the little stream above-mentioned, Manton proceeded to remove as much as possible the stains of

Lake Borgne, and is to be continued to the gulf at the South pass. The Mississippi, opposite to the city, is half a mile wide, and from one hundred to one hundred and sixty feet deep, and continues of this depth to near its entrance into the ocean, where are bars, with from thirteen and a half to sixteen feet of water.

An embankment, called the Levee, is raised on the river's border, to protect the city. The Levee is from twenty to forty feet broad, but in front of the second municipality is extended to five or six hundred feet broad. This forms a splendid promenade, and a very convenient place for depositing the cotton and other produce from the upper country, which can be rolled directly from the decks of the steamers to the bank of the river.

The harbor presents an area of many acres, covered with flat-boats and keelboats in its upper parts. Sloops, schooners, and brigs, are arranged along its wharves, and present a forest of masts; and steamboats are continually arriving or departing. The amount of domestic articles exported exceeds \$12,000,000 annually, being greater than those of any other city in the Union, excepting New-York. The houses of the city proper have a French and Spanish aspect, are generally stuccoed, and are of a white or yellow color.

The city proper contains sixty-six complete squares: each square having a front of three hundred and nineteen feet in length. Few of the streets, excepting Canal streets, are more than forty feet wide. Many of the seats in the suburbs are surrounded with spacious gardens, splendidly ornamented with orange, lemon, magnolia, and other trees. No city in the United States has so great a variety of inhabitants, with such an astonishing contrast of manners, language, and complexion.—The French population probably still predominates over the American, though the latter is continually gaining ground.

The city was founded by the French, in 1717. In 1762 it was conveyed to the Spanish, who in 1800 reconveyed it to the French; and in 1803 it was purchased by the United States, in the purchase of Louisiana. On January 8th, 1815, the British, under Gen. Packenham, made an attack on the city, approaching it through Lake Borgne; but they were signally defeated by the Americans, under Gen. Jackson. The British loss, in killed and wounded, was three thousand men, and Gen. Packenham was killed; the Americans lost only seven men killed and six wounded.

A mistaken impression prevails in some sections of the Union, in relation to the moral character, and healthfulness of the climate, of the Crescent city. But while not free from those evils incident to all large and crowded populations, still, in proportion to its size, New Orleans is as free from vice as any other city of the Union, while scenes of violence and bloodshed are not more frequent than in some northern cities. The yellow fever is but little more to be dreaded than those pulmonary complaints which yearly sweep away so many thousands of victims at the north. And as to the dampness of the land, that is yearly becoming of less account as the cultivation and second soil more and more dwindle away its evil effects. For personal safety, men, women, and children, are as secure from insult or injury there, at all times, and under all circumstances, as in any city in the world.

the child's blood from his clothes, using for this purpose a pocket-handkerchief, which he afterward partially cleansed in the water and then placed in his pocket; wrapping it previously in an old newspaper he chanced to have about his person, to prevent its staining his pocket.

In searching his clothes for the newspaper, he missed, for the first time, one of his pistols, and returned immediately to the scene of the late adventure, to look for it. Disappointed here, he turned again towards town, riding at a slow walk so as to examine minutely, in the moonlight, every foot of ground as he passed over it.

He had not proceeded more than two or three hundred yards in this way, when the sound was heard of a horse's feet in a hard gallop; and immediately after a man appeared in sight, riding towards him, whom, in the clear night, he easily recognized to be the stranger he had met going to town in the afternoon, as he and Easton rode out, and who, he doubted not, was the hired man spoken of by the widow. The man's delay in town seemed to have put him in great haste, for he rode by Manton at full speed and without a word. The latter thought, from something in his manner of riding, that he was either a very poor horseman or intoxicated. He soon forgot the circumstance, however, in the eagerness of his own search of the lost weapon, as he continued slowly homeward.

Two miles farther he suddenly stopped and dismounted, as something upon the ground, glittering in the moon's light, arrested his attention. It was Easton's watch, he knew it well, even without the initials, and he stared in consternation as he saw that it was on one side crusted with blood? It seemed to have been let fall, but could the owner have dropped it? He looked around him—he was not yet within a quarter of a mile of Easton's land!

He drew out his own watch. It was half-past 9 o'clock. In his slow search, he had been an hour and a half riding the last two miles. Turning to his horse to remount, a dark object on the ground caught his eye. He stooped down, and scarcely trusting his own senses, picked up—Easton's pocket-book!—the very one the old man had shown him three hours before, and spoken of as containing \$25,000! Upon this too, were the marks of bloody fingers!

Without another moment's delay he re-mounted, his mind full of the most exciting and gloomy apprehensions, and turned homewards at full gallop, never slackening his speed for an instant, until, when within about a mile and a half from town, he heard his horse's feet splash, as though in water. The singularity of the existence of water there, at that dry season, induced him to turn back and examine it. And as he leaned over from the horse to look at the place closely, he uttered an involuntary exclamation of horror. Near the centre of the road lay a small pool of blood!

Although now dreadfully anxious, in the conviction of some terrible accident, or more probably crime, Manton threw the bridle over his arm, and proceeded to search minutely every part of the ground within fifty yards around him; but nothing could be discovered, and with a heart tortured by the most horrible apprehensions as to Easton's fate, he re-mounted, and under whip and spur returned to town.

Here Manton's narrative ended. Upon both the

gentlemen present it produced an impression, and particularly upon Maxwell, who had known Manton best and longest. He immediately offered his services to the prisoner, as additional counsel, and the offer was accepted with proper acknowledgements.

Arrangements were then agreed upon for the measures necessary to be taken, and the gentlemen separated.

Five or six expresses were immediately started out in as many different directions towards the West, with accurate descriptions of the wagon in question and its inmates, and with orders to examine every county road for forty miles distance.

Before the three days of delay, granted by the examining court, were passed, all the expresses came in, wholly unsuccessful. No vehicle of the sort or description named had been seen or heard of, in any direction.

The examining court was held. No defence was made, and Henry Manton, Esq. was fully committed to stand his trial at the next superior court, now three months off, for the wilful murder of John Easton.

SCENE VII.
Woman's Confidence.

Three months are passed, and it is the last day before the commencement of the session of superior court.

We are in the parlor of Easton's mansion, where sits the late so lively Fanny Easton, now sad, and dressed in deep mourning. Maxwell, too, is there in earnest consultation with her.

This gentleman has been appointed by the court guardian to the young heiress, and (in the absence of any will,) administrator of her father's estate.

"Are you sure," asks Fanny, "that you have done every thing possible to get them here in time?"

"Every imaginable means have been used, I assure you," answers Maxwell. "Expresses have been sent, in some directions, near two hundred miles, placards are stuck up every where, and advertisements inserted in all the western newspapers of the State."

"And yet no news?"

"Not one syllable."

"Mr. Maxwell," said the lady, after a pause, "I know you will not deceive me;—tell me, are the persons employed in this search acting with sufficient energy in the business?—do they act as they naturally would if they had much hopes of success?"

"The inducements are certainly strong enough," replied Maxwell, evasively; "rewards are offered from \$100 to \$500, for more pieces of verbal information, of such sort as nobody who knows would hesitate to give."

"That is not what I mean."

"Are you prepared, then, and able to bear the worst?" asked Maxwell.

"I am."

"Then I must tell you, not one of those employed in the case acts with the most distant hope of success. Even I myself think, if he is cleared, it will be by a miracle."

The young lady covered her face with her hands, groaning deeply, while the unconscious rocking of her body to and fro, betrayed the terrible mental agony she was suffering. Suddenly she raised her head, and in a clear, calm tone, asked—

"Mr. Maxwell, do you believe him guilty?"

"Miss Easton," replied Maxwell, "fourteen years ago, I was clerk of the court which bound Henry Manton, a poor, destitute orphan, as apprentice to Mr. Howland, the cabinet maker. I watched the boy for six years, and then took him into my office. He studied with me five years, and has been my partner in business for three years more. During the whole fourteen years, though often placed in circumstances of great temptation, he has never once been accused or suspected of doing a dishonorable action, or of telling an untruth. I have believed him the most strictly honorable man on the face of the earth. As his counsel, he has told me every occurrence of that dreadful evening, which, if we can prove by one single credible witness, will exonerate him entirely. And I believe him to be as innocent in this matter as I am myself."

"O, may Heaven bless you for the words!" exclaimed Fanny, bursting into tears—"I have been sure of it from the first—I have never, for one moment, believed he could be guilty of such a crime; but I feared my feelings towards him might perhaps influence my judgment, and I have so much desired to know that there was one single honorable man who could think as I do."

"My dear Miss Easton," said Maxwell, kindly but seriously, "I have told you my own opinion candidly, as you desired it, but I must warn you against the belief or expectation that a jury can be found in the country who would agree with me. Whatever they might think or wish to believe they are sworn to decide according to evidence. When I say that I believe him innocent, I must tell you also that I do so in the face of all the evidence, on the strength of my long acquaintance with the man. I do not think he would tell a falsehood to save his life. But the circumstances against him are terrible—the strongest that I ever knew, perhaps I may say that I ever heard of—to exist against an innocent man."

"Mr. Maxwell," said Fanny, after another pause, "will you take a message from me to him?"

"If you very much desire it, I will; but—" and he hesitated.

"You think it indelicate—and under ordinary circumstances it might be. But these are not ordinary ones, and I wish you to tell him from me, that I believe and have believed him innocent.—God forbid that he should lack, in this awful trial, the small support that the knowledge of this may give him."

"He shall receive your message," said Maxwell, and took his leave.

Ab, much indeed did the prisoner need the support of even the knowledge that one single person believed him innocent. During the first days of his imprisonment, he had seemed and had professed himself confident of producing the witness, by whom he could prove enough of the incidents of his own narrative to his counsel, at least to exonerate himself from the dreadful charge against him, even if it failed to account for the commission of the crime by another.

But as day after day and week after week passed away, and the different means and messengers employed utterly failed to obtain any evidence whatever in support of his statements, the confidence he had at first manifested began evidently to give way.

O, how often, during those three months of an-

ious suspense, must his mother's dying charge have recurred to his recollection! "Never tell a lie—never regard what others say of you—always try to do right—and trust in God."

Never before had he appreciated fully the meaning and force of the last clause of these sacred injunctions. But it must depend wholly upon his own innocence, whether indeed he could, without the grossest impiety, presume to "trust in God."

SCENE VIII.

The Trial.

The morrow has come, and the hour of trial.—The court-house and indeed the whole space in front of it, for many yards square, are crowded with curious spectators. The dreadful nature of the crime, the wealth of the victim, the previously high character of the accused, and the general knowledge of the circumstances, produced by the very efforts of the prisoner's counsel in search of evidence—all these things tended to excite interest in the case and to collect, in and around the court-house, the largest crowd ever seen in the town.

This was the first case to be tried, and a most discouraging fact for the prisoner and his counsel appeared in the difficulty of finding a jury. For though the accused did not challenge a single juror, no less than some eighty or a hundred persons were called, before twelve men could be found who had not so decisively made up or expressed opinions on the case, as to be incapacitated from serving.

The jury was empanelled about three in the afternoon, and the trial commenced immediately.

The prosecuting attorney, Mr. Sinclair, was a middle aged man, of some talent and more knowledge of law, and withal of a mild and very gentlemanly disposition. He was assisted by a junior counsel, Mr. Harris, a young practitioner who was a political and personal enemy of Manton's, and who, while he really believed him guilty, was resolved to spare no pains to make him appear so.

There was an evident impression produced upon the audience by the appearance of the prisoner, as he was brought into court; though as the spectators behaved with great decorum, it was difficult to tell whether the feelings were sympathy or dislike. Manton was pale, from confinement and suffering, but his step was firm and manly, and his general appearance that of innocence; but then the circumstances against him were so strong, so terrible strong.

The counsel for the commonwealth stated the case, read the indictment and proceeded to call witnesses.

The first one introduced was Mr. Blaney, a livery-stable keeper. The dropping of a pin might have been heard all over that large and crowded court-room, as the witness was sworn and took the stand.

"Mr. Blaney," said Sinclair, "tell the jury, if you please, whether you saw or knew anything of the prisoner at the bar, on the afternoon or evening of last July 25th?"

"Yes, sir, he came to my stable for a horse to ride on that afternoon."

"What o'clock was it?"

"About six in the evening, as near as I could judge?"

"What color was the horse you gave him?"

"Light grey, almost white."

"Did you notice anything particular or unusual that he said or did, in your sight or hearing?"

"Nothing, only that he asked the hostler, as he mounted, if the horse would stand fire. I told him I didn't know, and asked him if there was any particular reason why he wanted him to."

"What answer did he make?"

"He said it wasn't no matter in particular."

"We shall want you again after a while," said Sinclair; "you can stand aside now."

Cross-examined by Agnill.

"Does the prisoner keep a horse at your stable?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is he in the habit of riding out much?"

"Yes, sir; most every evening when it's good weather."

"Why didn't he take his own horse that time?"

"Because his back was galled with the saddle."

"Do you know any reason why the prisoner should have asked you the question he did about the horse's standing fire?"

"I don't know positively, any further than that he is known to practice a good deal with his pistols."

The next witness sworn was Mr. Dennison, a bald-headed, respectable and benevolent looking old gentleman. Examination as follows:

"Please tell the jury, Mr. Dennison, if you met the prisoner at the bar, on the afternoon of the 25th of last July, and under what circumstances?"

"I had been out about five miles, looking at some timber on my land, and was returning, when just at a turn of the road, at the corner of the late, Mr. Easton's tract of woodland, about four miles from town, I came in sight of Mr. Manton and Mr. Easton, riding together. They seemed to be quarrelling, and looked very angry. Mr. Easton was talking loud and violently."

"What o'clock was this?"

"About half-past six, or a little later."

"Did you hear what either one of them said?"

"Mr. Easton took out his pocket-book, told Mr. Manton it contained \$25,000, and that when he had so much money he might marry his daughter, otherwise he should never marry her—or words to that effect, as near as I could gather."

"What did the prisoner say?"

"Nothing; but his face was a good deal flushed and he looked very angry."

"Did you see any thing more?"

"Not till I had passed them. Then I looked back and saw that Mr. Easton had turned into the woods, at the corner of his own land. Prisoner had stopped his own horse, and seemed about to follow him, but then he looked back, and when he saw that we were watching him, he turned and rode on."

"Did he ride entirely away?"

"Couldn't tell, there was a turn in the road that hid him from sight."

Cross-examined. "Were you alone, Mr. Dennison, when you met prisoner and Mr. Easton?"

"No, sir; a man was riding with me."

"Do you know who he was?"

"No, sir—never saw him before. As I came out of the woods on my land, and struck the road, he was just passing, on his way towards town; so we rode in together."

"Will you describe him to the jury?"

"I cannot, very particularly—except that he was dressed in tow linen, had red hair, coarse features, and was marked with small-pox."

"Did the stranger ride the whole distance in with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did either of you find or pick up any thing along the road?"

"I did not. About three miles from town, stranger dismounted, and picked up something, did not see what, and paid no attention to it."

Several witnesses, townspeople, were here introduced, who deposed, that about a quarter before eight o'clock, on the evening in question, Mr. Easton's horse had returned to town, riderless and with blood upon the saddle; that they started out immediately on horseback, (others also started on foot,) to see what was become of the rider. They found his body on an elevated part of the road, about a mile and a half from town, known as "Dennison's hill." The corpse was lying near the middle of the road, and when found, was still warm and bleeding. By the side of it they had picked up a silver-mounted pistol, recently discharged.—The pistol was produced, and identified as belonging to the prisoner at the bar.

Two or three physicians testified that they had examined the body of the old man as soon as it was brought in. It was shot through the heart, the ball stopping only at the back-bone. They had weighed the ball which, bruised and flattened, they had extracted;—it was just the weight of one of the bullets of the discharged pistol.

Blaney, the livery-stable keeper, was now recalled, and stated that, on the evening in question, after Easton's body had been brought in, he was applied to by the sheriff to furnish three horses, to ride all night to hunt up prisoner. Horses were brought out and ready, and he went to see sheriff, when he was told prisoner had come home, and the horses would not be wanted. Went back to his stable, and found hitched there the horse prisoner had hired in the afternoon. The animal had been ridden hard, and the belly and hind legs were spotted with blood. Horse being of light color, could be no mistake about the blood-spots.

The sheriff was now sworn, and deposed that after speaking to Blaney about the horses, he learned that prisoner had returned. Went over to his (prisoner's) office with Mr. Maxwell and two constables, and arrested him. When they entered the office, prisoner was sitting with Easton's watch in his hand, trying with his pen-knife to scrape the blood off. Prisoner evidently knew that Easton had been murdered, for when told that they arrested him for murder, he had said, "Not of Mr. Easton?" and when told it was for that, had exclaimed, "Great God! this is what I feared!"

They had found on his person Easton's pocket-book, containing over \$25,000.

Both watch and pocket-book were produced and identified.

They had taken from prisoner also a pistol, which was loaded with powder and ball. Produced, and matched exactly with the one found in the road by the corpse of Easton. Had found on the prisoner a pocket handkerchief, stained with blood and concealed in an old newspaper. Looked as if it had been partially rinsed in muddy water. Produced, and found marked "H. M." Lastly, prisoner's coat was shown to the jury. It was a sportsman's frock-coat, made of English fustian, and was stained badly on the right breast and on both sleeves with blood.

No cross-examination of the sheriff, except as to the tone of voice in which prisoner had exclaimed,

"Great God! this is what I feared!" Sheriff couldn't say positively that the tone was one of fear—might be of surprise and regret.

The evidence for the prosecution here closed, and as it was now late in the evening, court was adjourned till next morning at nine o'clock.

[Concluded in our next.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

PERSEVERANCE.

BY ISAAC COBB.

[Concluded.]

HENRY BROWN and Arthur Richardson, the interesting youths whom I have already presented to the reader, never improved so well as under the tuition of this preceptor; and had it not been for their habits of perseverance, and withal an ardent desire in each to acquire a fund of information, they would not have been able to show that proficiency even, which they did when Mr. Blake came to the village. The majority of the other members of the school, until this period, had been so idle and inattentive that they knew not so much as the meaning of the term *perseverance*. Yet, no wonder, for Mr. Zebulon Taylor, who was the former preceptor, did not pretend to teach beyond the "Rule of Three," in arithmetic; and as for grammar, that was altogether out of the question, except so much of the art as might be gained from Webster's Spelling Book; further it was affirmed that he seldom wrote a sentence for imitation in the practice of penmanship, without consulting the aforementioned most unexceptionable authority, and most venerable tome of "classic lore."

With all deference, I make these remarks concerning Mr. Zebulon Taylor; as he afterwards changed his name, took his degree, obtained a diploma, and in a few years became a celebrated quack doctor.

The village school, conducted by so excellent a man as was Mr. Blake, soon began to exhibit signs of improvement. The "*unruly*" became exemplary in their deportment; and such as had always been amiable in demeanor, found encouragement to persevere. But, especially did the two friends, Henry and Arthur, delight to walk the paths of learning and the ways of virtue; indeed so rapidly did they advance in moral and intellectual attainments, that it was predicted by many that they would at no very distant day, occupy stations of eminence, and win the confidence and respect of all.

Ten years! Reader! thou with the glossy curls, the rosy cheek, and sparkling eye, take Time's perspective glass, and look through ten years of futurity. Observe the changes the world may undergo, whilst thou art passing from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood. How many heads will be sprinkled with the hoar-frost of age, how many brows receive the impressions of care, and, alas! how great will be the number of those whose feet, though now standing firm, shall sink into the grave! How many children will be thrown upon the world, friendless orphans, and be suffered to wander in a land of strangers, long ere they find "sheltering domes." How many hours, days, and weeks, will be wasted in thoughtlessness, how many opportunities for improvement neglected, and

on the other hand, what intellectual achievements, will be completed, what moral victories gained, ere ten years shall have been numbered with the past!

At the expiration of this period, Henry Brown and Arthur Richardson felt that they were no longer children; but they were conscious that, by unwearyed perseverance in their several pursuits, they had become *men*, men of principle with cultivated, active energetic minds. The latter had married and had purchased a rural residence in the vicinity of Lake Champlain in the State of New-York. The former after a course of study, finished at Harvard University, had commenced the practice of law, in Brooklyn, Long Island.

Our young counsellor had resided in the city for nearly a year, when one evening on his return from his office to his boarding place, the elegant hotel on — street, he was informed that a gentleman had called, inquiring for Henry Brown, Esq.

"Was he a young man," asked he of the host.

"Yes, rather so, and quite prepossessing in his appearance; but this, no doubt, will give you his name," answered the other, handing to his friend a letter, the following is a copy of that letter:—

MY DEAR HENRY.—It has been a long time, two years I think, since I have had the pleasure of meeting you. Coming to Brooklyn to-day, I concluded to seek you; and on calling at your hotel, I was told that I might find you at your office; but you had gone out. As I have business in New-York, and being under some necessity of leaving for home to-morrow, I fear I shall not be enabled to see you so I write this note that you may know I have called. As you have never made me a visit at my place near the Lake, will you take the first opportunity to journey thither? It is a delightful situation, and I believe you would like it; besides you are aware it is well sometimes to leave the city, its noise and commotion, to breathe the pure, fresh air of the country. Yes my friend, in a few weeks, months, to say the longest, I shall expect you. Farewell,

ARTHUR RICHARDSON.

It was the hour of sunset in the month of June; the last faint beams of departing day were reflected on the western horizon. The birds were chanting their evening anthems, and the zephyrs were lulling the flowers to rest. It was a scene such as the painter and the poet would rejoice to behold; the one to display as in a mirror, the sweet tasteful little cottage in the distance, with its trees, its arbor, its woodbine, and in the fore-ground, the far-reaching lake with its beautiful, enchanting isles; the other to give language, expression, to the emotions swelling the bosom of the stranger. Yes Reader! there was one who witnessed that scene, a traveller none other, than our friend from the city. The cottage seen in the distance was the abode of his old school-mate, Arthur, whom he had come to visit. As the former rode along, he was pleased in observing the order, the exquisite neatness the genius displayed in the management of the residence he was approaching.

Of our friend's reception, suffice it to say that he was met with a hearty shake of the hand and a cordial welcome, accompanied with an invitation to prolong his visit to a distant day.—More; he was solicited to make the neighboring village the scene of his professional engagements. This he

replied, he could not do, as he had determined that Brooklyn, at the least for a term of years, should be his abiding place, but he added, he would be happy to remain a few weeks and enjoy the society of his friend and the family; and he was quite certain that a short sojourn in the country, breathing its salubrious air, contemplating its delightful scenery, listening to its rural sounds, would be beneficial to his health, and have a tendency to "restore the tone of languid nature."

"I admire the discrimination which led you to select this region for your home. In all the land you could have scarcely found a more romantic or more beautiful spot. These clear pellucid waters, upon whose bosom we are sailing, those majestic trees skirting the border of the lake, and the view of the green little isle just before us, awake in my mind thoughts like to those which were ours when we were children, roaming among our native woods, and following the streamlet through its meandering course to the mighty river." These observations were made by Henry Brown, and addressed to his friend, one fine morning as they were out on an excursion to a favorite island retreat.

"It is truly a charming place," was the reply. "But hallowed associations linger about it which conspire to add a charm that scenery alone cannot give. Not many miles distant once lived one of the most beautiful, most accomplished creatures that ever blessed the world with their presence. She was a poetess, and oh! how well she wrote! But alas! when the bud was just prepared to expand into the perfect rose, a seraph came to remove the flower, afar from the cold dews and infectious breezes of earth, to the elysian bower of Paradise. Seldom do I look towards these waters without being reminded of a poem composed by her when her father was about seeking another home. It is entitled "My Native Lake." Perhaps you have read the piece."

"If I have read it, I do not remember. Will you gratify me by rehearsing it?"

"Certainly."

MY NATIVE LAKE.

BY MARGARET M. DAVIDSON.

THY verdant banks thy lucid stream,
Lit by the sun's resplendent beam,
Reflect each bending tree so light,
Upon thy bounding bosom bright,
Could I but see thee once again,
My own, my beautiful Champlain.

The little isles that deck thy breast,
And calmly on thy bosom rest,
How often in my childish glee,
I've sported round them bright and free,
Could I but see thee once again,
My own my beautiful Champlain.

How oft I've watched the freshening shower,
Bending the summer tree and flower,
And felt my little heart beat high,
As the bright rainbow graced the sky,
Could I but see thee once again,
My own my beautiful Champlain.

And shall I never see thee more,
My native lake, my much loved shore?
And must I bid a long adieu,
My dear, my infant home, to you?
Shall I not see thee once again,
My own my beautiful Champlain?

"How touching!" exclaimed Arthur, as soon as he had finished the rehearsal. "Is it not my dear friend, one of the finest of American productions?"

"It certainly is," replied Henry, "and," continued he, "it seems to have been the work of one who was no stranger to the artless unaffected teachings of Nature."

"Sometimes," resumed Arthur, "I visit yonder

isle at the hour when the moon glowing on high displays her silver face in the dark waters. I hear no sound save the monotonous murmur of some neighboring brook, or at intervals the shrill note of some wandering night-bird. I listen—all is silent but these. Now imagination gives language, as it were, to the stillness, and I hear almost the pure voice of some guardian spirit;—

" Shall I not see thee once again,
My own my beautiful Champlain?—

Now Reader! you shall have the conclusion of my story. Arthur Richardson had a sister. "And what of that?" do I hear you ask? "do not we all have sisters?" True; but if you have a sister so beautiful, so engaging in her manners, so modest and unassuming in her deportment, and in a word, so cheerful and kind as was the amiable Maria, you are among the most fortunate of brothers. "Had Maria a lover?" Yes! every body loved her. But there was one person who felt an indescribable sensation of pleasure when he sat by her side, or rambled with her along the edge of the lake. Oh! how the warm heart of that guileless maiden beat when she listened to the words of affection breathed from the lips of her companion. They loved. They were married. Need I tell you the name of the happy bridegroom?

" You have not forgotten the old motto, I trust," said Arthur to his friend, as the latter was leaving with his bride to return to the city.

" No! I likewise remember the lines the school master Mr. Blake, taught us when we were his pupils:—

" Art thou straying far from home,
On Sahara's burning sand?
Persevere and thou shalt roam
In a fair and verdant land.
Wouldst thou check the starting tear,
And relieve the soul's distress?
Persevere, oh! persevere;
God will grant thee full success."

Gorham, Maine, 1848.

BIOGRAPHY.

LYDIA M. CHILD.

LYDIA MARIA FRANCIS, now Mrs. DAVID LEE CHILD, commenced her literary life with Hobomok, a Tale of Early times, published in 1824. She had resided several years in Maine, far removed from all literary associations, but was then on a visit to her brother, the Reverend Conyers Francis, minister of the Unitarian church, in Watertown, and now of Harvard University. One Sunday noon, soon after her arrival there, she took up a number of the North American Review, and read Doctor Palfrey's article on Yamoyden, in which he eloquently describes the adaptation of early New England history to the purposes of fiction. She had never written a word for the press—never had dreamed of turning author—but the spell was on her, and seizing a pen, before the bell rung for the afternoon meeting she had composed the first chapter of the novel, just as it is printed. When it was shown to her brother, her young ambition was flattened by the exclamation, "But, Maria, did you *really* write this? do you mean what you say, that it is *entirely* your own?" The excellent doctor little knew the effect of his words. Her fate was fixed; in six weeks Hobomok was finished. It is a story of the Pilgrim times, and the scene is chiefly in Salem and Plymouth. Among the characters are Lady Arabella Johnson, Governor Endicott, and others known in history.

They are very well drawn, and the sketches of manners and scenery are truthful and spirited. But the plot is unnatural, and is not very skilfully managed. There were then, however, very few American Books of this sort; Cooper had just begun his brilliant career, and Miss Sedgwick's first novel had been out but two or three weeks; and Hobomok therefore attracted much attention. It was followed in the next year, by The Rebels, a Tale of the Revolution, which has about the same kind and degree of merit. It is worth mentioning, that the speech of James Otis, in this novel, which is often quoted in school books, and has found its way into histories, as authentic, as well as Whitfield's celebrated sermon, in the same work, was coined entirely by Mrs. Child.

In 1831 she published The Mother's Book, and in 1832 The Girl's Book, two volumes designed to exhibit the reciprocal duties of parent and child, in their several relations to each other, which had a large and well deserved success.

About the same time, for the Ladies' Family Library, published in Boston, of which she was editor, she wrote lives of Madame de Staél and Roland, in one volume; Lives of Lady Russel and Madame Guyon, in one volume; Biographies of Good Wives, in one volume; and The History and Condition of Women, in two volumes. These are all interesting and valuable books, exhibiting taste and judgment, but marked by little of the individuality which distinguishes her more original productions.

In 1833 Mrs. Child published The Coronal, a collection of miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse, many of which had before been printed, in the literary annuals; and in the same year her Appeal for that class of Americans called Africans, which was the first work that appeared in this country in favor of the immediate emancipation of the slaves. It was earnest and able, and was read with deep interest both at home and in Europe. A copy of it falling into the hands of Doctor Channing, who had not before been acquainted with her, he walked from Boston to Roxbury to introduce himself and to thank her for writing it.

In 1835 appeared the most beautiful of her works, Philothen, a romance of Greece in the days of Pericles. It had been four or five years in its progress, "for the practical tendencies of the age, and particularly of the country in which I lived," she says in her preface, "have so continually forced me into the actual, that my mind has seldom obtained freedom to rise into the ideal." She had made a strong effort to throw herself into the spirit of the times, "which is prone to neglect beautiful and fragrant flowers, unless their roots will answer for vegetables, and their leaves for herbs." But there were seasons when her soul felt restless in this bondage; in these she abandoned herself to pursuits of a more congenial sort; and, led by love of the romantic and beautiful, among

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion."

she attempted to depict the life of Athens in its most glorious age, when Pericles presided over the destinies of the state, Plato taught in the Academy, Phidias, built temples and carved statues of the gods, and Aspasia captivated sages by her beauty, and overthrew the severity of female manners by appearing unveiled at the symposia of the wits.—Except Mr. Ware's Zenobia and Probus, Philothea

is the only classical romance deserving any consideration that has been produced in this country, and it is worthy to be ranked with those admirable works. The scenery is purely Grecian; all the externals are in keeping; the narrative is interesting and clearly defined; and the style is elevated and chaste, abounding in unlooked-for turns and spontaneous beauties. But the author seems hardly to have caught the antique spirit; the philosophical tone of Philothea reminds us quite as much of Boston as of Athens.

In 1841 Mr. and Mrs. Child went to reside in New-York, where they conducted for some time The National Anti-Slavery Standard, a weekly gazette of which the title indicated the object and general character. For this she wrote much, not of the subject of slavery only, but of many others that belong to the country and to the age, and in all her articles showed an earnest spirit, generous sympathies, and wide knowledge. In the summer of 1841 she commenced a series of Letters to the editor of the Boston Courier, which were so fresh, so spirited, and familiar, and had about them so much of pleasing individuality, that they were reprinted in all parts of the country, and came to be looked for with as much interest as the new numbers of the magazines. Upon the publication of the fortieth letter they were collected and issued in a volume, under the title of Letters from New-York. None of the booksellers seemed willing to publish them, but the indications of their popularity were such as could not be mistaken by the author, and she therefore printed the first edition on her own account; and the rapid sale of thousands after thousand copies, secured a ready market for the second series, which appeared in 1845.

These Letters are on every variety of subjects that would be suggested to a thoughtful, earnest and benevolent mind, in the houses, thoroughfares, and public assemblies of a city, in a period of excitement and transition, and every one of them strikes a chord to which the heart of some reader will vibrate in unison.

Fact and Fiction, the last volume which Mrs. Child has given to the public, is a collection of tales, of various kinds, but all characteristic and excellent, which she had previously published in the periodicals. The Children of Mount Ida, and A Legend of the Apostle John, relate to classical times, and have the marble polish and chasteness of her Philothea. To another, Hilda Silsverling, a fantasy, she has imparted the interest and imagery that belong to Scandinavian manners and scenery. But perhaps those which have most of her own individuality are The Neighbour-in-Law, an admirable illustration of the power of kindness in softening and moulding natures beyond all other influences, and the Beloved Tune, an expression of mental experience, resembling some of the fine pieces of imagination interspersed with the second series of her Letters from New-York.

Mrs. Child has a large acquaintance with common life, which she describes with a genial sympathy and fidelity—a generous love of freedom, extreme susceptibility of impressions of beauty, and an imagination which bodies forth her feelings in forms of peculiar distinctness and freshness. Her works abound in bright pictures and fanciful thoughts, which seem to be of the atmosphere in which she lives. She transfuses into them something of her own spirit, which, though meditative

and somewhat mystical, is always cheerful and radiant. In her revelations on music, illustrations of the doctrine of correspondences, and all the more speculative parts of her various writings, she has shown that fine perception of the mysterious analogy which exists between the physical and moral world, and of the mode in which the warp and woof of life are mingling, which is among the first attributes of the true poet.—*Griewold*.

MISCELLANY.

MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

How sacred the memory of the dead! We will not, cannot forget those whose affections were early entwined around our hearts in the holy bonds of friendship. They may have died on foreign shore, far from home and friends, with no kindred spirit upon whom they might cast a farewell look, ere they entered the heavenly world, but they still live in our hearts. When we visit our familiar retreats, and meet not their smiling face, we think of them—we think of them too, at the calm twilight hour, and at bright smiling morn their image is not forgotten.—The stranger may lightly pass over the grassy mound which covers them—'twill not disturb their repose. Their is a sweet, a holy sleep—theirs is rest which none shall disturb. Calm be their sleep—and though recollections of them may cause the tear-drop to fall, we will not call them back from their long home, to again mingle with the vanities of earth, and again meet its trials. We will silently look upon the turf which covers them—we will there plant the evergreen and the thornless rose, as a partial tribute to their memory, and then leave the spot—perhaps forever, but while life and reason last, we will think of them—cherish their memory as a choice plant. True indeed, they have mingled their once lovely forms with the dust, among the rich and the poor, the virtuous and vicious, but the immortal spark within is transplanted to a fairer clime—even Paradise, the home of angels.

A LEGAL ANECDOTE.

RECENTLY while attending a court held in J—county, when Judge S. presided, a very plain question was presented for the decision of the court. It was argued elaborately on the wrong side, and when the opposite attorney (a real Paddy, who had just waded through Blackstone and Chitty, so as to enable him to obtain a license,) rose to reply, he was stopped by his honor, who informed him that his opinion was made up against him, and that he would have no farther argument.—Paddy laid his hand slowly on a volume of Blackstone, and opened where the leaf was carefully turned down, and commenced reading the law directly in conflict with the opinion of the court.

"Stop, sir," cried the Judge, "I have decided the case, and my mind is no longer open to conviction, nor will I have any further argument in the case." "Oh," said the lawyer, "I did not intend to argue the point, nor did I expect to convince your honor—I only wanted to show the court what a blasted fool old Blackstone was."

Such laughter as went up from every part of the court house, was beyond the means of the sheriff or court to control for some minutes, when Paddy was fined a dollar for his elander of Blackstone, and the court then adjourned to liquor.

HARD OF HEARING.

"I HAVE a small bill against you," said a pertinacious looking collector as he entered the store of one who had acquired the character of a hard customer. "Yes, sir, a very fine day indeed," was the reply. "I am not speaking of the weather, but your bill," replied Peter in a louder key, "It would be better if we had a little rain." "D— the rain," continued the collector, and raising his voice he bawled: "have you any money on your bill?" "Beg your pardon, sir, I'm a little hard of hearing. I have made it a rule not to loan my funds to strangers—and I really don't recognize you." "I'm collector for the Philadelphia Daily Extinguisher, sir, and have a bill against you," pressed the collector, at the top of his voice, producing the bill and thrusting it into the face of the debtor. "I've determined to endorse for no one, so put your note back in your pocket book—I really cannot endorse it!" "Confound your endorsements—will you pay it?" "You'll pay it! No doubt, sir,—but there is always some risk about these matters, you know, so I must decline it, sir."

Schoolmaster—"Bill Tompkins, what is a widow?"

Bill—"A widder, sir, is a married woman that haint got no husband, cause he's dead."

Master—"Very well. What is a widower."

Bill—"A Widderrer is a man what runs arter the widders."

Master—"Well, Bill, that is not exactly according to Johnson: but it will do.

A BEAUTIFUL THING.—What is it, little girls? Guess. Shall we tell you? Hark! It is a neat, sweet, modest, virtuous little girl; one who is cheerful as a lark, pure as the rose, charming as the lilly, lively as a squirrel—skippingly obedient, quick as a flash to do just right. At such a sight, O clap your hands joyfully!—*Golden Rule*.

A COUNTRYMAN applied to a solicitor for legal advice. After detailing the circumstances of the case, he was asked if he had stated the facts exactly as they had occurred. "O, aye, sir," rejoined he, "I thought it best to tell you the plain truth; you can put the lies to it yourself."

The latest case of absence of mind, was that of a servant girl, who used to help herself to her mistress' wardrobe, fancying all the time that it was her own. She didn't discover her mistake until her mistress found some property of her's in her trunk, and charged her with theft!

A NEGRO out South brought a hat, and upon going out into the rain was observed to take it off his head and try to keep it from the wet, and on being asked why he did so, answered—"Hat mine, head massa's."

"WHERE is the hoe, Sambo?" "Wid de rake massa?" "Well, where is the rake?" "Why wid de hoe?" "Well, well—where are they both?" "Why, both togedder, massa—you 'pears to be berry 'ticular dis mornin'?"

Fight hard against hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1848.

FIRE! FIRE!

ON Thursday evening last, our citizens were alarmed by the cry of fire, which broke out in the Paper Hanging Manufactory of Wm. R. Steel, which, together with its contents, was entirely consumed. But fortunately there was not any wind, which with the assiduity of the firemen prevented further damages. The damages are estimated between four and five thousand dollars. We understand there was no insurance.

TO POSTMASTERS.

POSTMASTERS who receive this will do us a great favor by acting as our agent, in their immediate vicinity, if circumstances will not permit, please to hand this to some one, who would be willing to do so, and procure subscribers, according to our terms on last page.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

Mrs. E. B. W. Flint Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; T. V. D. Newark, N. Y. \$1.00; D. L. G. Bath, N. Y. \$3.00; L. M. Winooski Falls, Vt. \$4.00; E. S. Waterbury, Vt. \$4.00; P. M. Java Village, N. Y. \$5.00; B. B. K. Norton's Mills, N. Y. \$1.00; H. S. Sheffield, Ms. \$1.00; M. B. A. Stephentown, N. Y. \$1.00; S. C. F. Middleville, N. Y. \$5.00; R. M. Romulus, N. Y. \$5.00; D. L. W. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00; A. S. Union Square, N. Y. \$5.00; C. M. Orangeville, N. Y. \$1.00; W. C. E. Sennett, N. Y. \$1.00; H. A. D. B. Livingston, N. Y. \$0.75; E. E. F. Parish, N. Y. \$3.00; S. McP. Reed's Corners, N. Y. \$5.00; S. C. Clocksville, N. Y. \$5.00; C. J. Cornwallsville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. Berlin, N. Y. \$1.00; H. B. Croton Point, N. Y. \$1.00; L. W. New Albion, N. Y. \$1.00; O. R. B. West Pittsfield, Ms. \$6.00; M. G. Elbridge, N. Y. \$1.00; M. M. McC. Ira, N. Y. \$4.00; Mrs. E. B. W. Flint Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; G. D. B. Red Hook, N. Y. \$1.00; T. N. New-York City, N. Y. \$1.00; D. L. G. Ludlow, Vt. \$7.00; E. W. Rochester, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Leroy Church, Mr. Cornelius Coventry, of Stockport, to Elizabeth Hardick, of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Leroy Church, Mr. William Lapham, of the firm of Plank & Lapham, to Miss Ann Eliza Van Valkenburgh, both of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Henry Darling, Mr. Henry Carpenter, to Miss Hannah Jessup, both of this city.

With the above marriages we received a parcel of cake, for which we express our thanks, and in return wish them an abundance of joy and happiness.

Like sunset gleams that linger late,
When all is dark'ning fast,
Are hours like these, we snatch from fate,
The brightest and the last.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Henry Darling, Mr. Orrin Slatier, of Cairo, to Mrs. Esther Stevens, of Albany.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. G. Collins, Mr. Samuel H. Van Steenburgh, to Miss Elizabeth Fidler, both of Hudson.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Henry Darling, Mr. Andrew Sagendorph, of Clermont, to Miss Celia Lasber of Germantown.

In Ghent, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Himrod, Mr. William A. Harder, to Miss Sarah Francis Moul.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 2d inst. very suddenly, Mr. Nicholas Kittle, in the 48th year of his age.

On the 3d inst. Miss Sarah Webb, aged 83 years.

In New-York, on the 3d inst. Capt. Leonard H. Van Hoesen, in his 60th year, formerly a resident of this city.

At Hillsdale, on the 30th ult. Mary wife of Abraham Jordan, in the 42d year of her age.

At Chatham 4 Corners, on the 6th inst. Phebe, wife of Mr. Isaac Hoes.

In Stockport, on the 14th ult. Rebecca, wife of Robert Chittenden, in the 44th year of her age.

In Nantucket, on the 24th ult. Ruth Barnard, aged 81 years and 9 months.

In Nantucket, on the 26th ult. Deborah Swain, aged 78.

In Nantucket on the 29th ult. Mr. James Folger, aged 60.

In Catskill, very suddenly, on the 26th ult. Abner Austin, near the close of the 77th year of his age, formerly of this city.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

OCTOBER.

THE Autumn winds are sighing,
Through the forest trees,
In wild and plaintive measures,
Like old melodies,
The clouds above are flying,
Like a swarm of bees,
Casting shadows on the earth,
Faint as memories.

The mists upon the waters,
Dream away the night;
Until the sun of morning,
Puts them all to flight.
Then like ghostly visitants,
They pale upon our sight,
In forms fantasque and changing,
As the northern light.

The leaves from trees are falling,
On the forest way,
The red and yellow mingling,
With the brown and gray,
They mind of those so loving,
Who passed from life away,
In sober age, and sunny youth,
The quiet and the gay.

Hudson, Oct. 1848.

BARRY GRAY.

For the Rural Repository.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY L. CASSANDRA BROOKSBANK.

(Aged 11 years.)

THERE is a spot of hallowed ground,
Where weeping willows wave,
Where flowers bloom so sweetly round—
It is my mother's grave.
In southern clime far—far away,
In death's embrace her ashes lay.

She sleeps alone—no kindred grave,
Her last repose doth share;
Save one—beneath the willow's wave,
A little babe so fair,
That just smiled forth its budding charms,
Then soared to its dear Savior's arms.

She sleeps in death—her spirit fled
To land of holy light,
By happy angels she was led
To join the band so bright.
Her weary soul from world of woe,
To realms of joy rejoiced to go.

I stood among the weeping band,
That watched her parting breath;
My father held her ice-cold hand—
And told us "that was Death,"
Her eye grew dim, the rose had fled,
From the damp cheek of the lovely dead.

I saw her wrapped in death's pale robes
As all around her weep,
I saw them lay her coffin low—
Where shades there vigils keep;
Yet often in my dreams I see,
Her loving eye still fixed on me.

Perchance at morn and dewy eve,
Her spirit lingers near,
To guide my childish erring steps,
Or whispers in mine ear,
"My daughter dear, of guile beware—
If thou wouldst meet thy mother there."

Hudson, Oct. 1848.

For the Rural Repository.

THE WIND.

HARK! the wind is coming again,
He's laughing too in his glee;
He hurries along o'er dale and plain,
And drives with him the sleet and the rain,
He looks not back on the many he's slain,
How independent is he.

But he hurries on, he does not care,
Nor does he stop to see,
What havoc he causes here or there,
Or how his luckless victims fare,
But on he goes with a swaggering air,
O, a blustering fellow is he.

He stops not by the mountain side,
Nor by the shore of the sea;
But he hastens on, o'er the ocean wide;
He meets the ships that gaily ride
And wafts them on, and over the tide,
O, a strange old fellow is he.

Yet he's a haughty old fellow I know,
He cares not for you nor me;
He does not stop to say how d'ye do,
Nor would he shake hands with me nor you,
But to him even the oak must bow,
So lordly a fellow is he.

Anon the old fellow will slacken his pace,
And go more leisurely;
Then loiter on from place to place,
Betimes he goes on a Butterfly chase.
Oft hits the traveler spot in the face,
Such an impudent fellow is he.

He's saucy too, to the old and young
And when he is on a spree
He whistles a tune, and sings a song,
And kisses the maid as he goes along,
O, for him it is certainly wrong
To take such liberty.

Sometimes too, when he chances to meet
A boy, or man it may be;
He kicks up a dust in the open street,
And steals his hat and trips up his feet,
Then off with speed that cannot be beat,
O, a wicked old fellow is he.

Sometimes he comes in our houses without
Permission, he is so free;
Comes suddenly in with a laugh or a shout,
And scatters the fire and ashes about,
Tips over the candle or blows it out,
Such a troublesome fellow is he.

He knows us all, he's seen us before,
Such a wanderer is he,
For he has travelled the world all o'er,
Has seen us a thousand times or more,
He comes in our houses through window or door,
For he is lawless and free.

Claverack, Oct. 1848.

E. H. B.

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